

Normal Notes.

Foot ball is becoming unpopular.

Rev. J. S. Boyd assisted in the opening exercises Tuesday morning.

Prof. Barnard and brother, R. E. Barnard, have been called away by telegram on the account of the sickness of their sister.

Mr. J. S. Erwin, a member of the Board of Regents visited the school Friday.

Miss J. F. Fellers, accompanied by Miss Flora Bray, were greeting old friends at the Normal Friday. Mr. Feller has charge of the public school at LaBelle.

Miss Bray is assisting Prof. Riley in the Knox City school.

Among the visitors this week we note the following: A. M. Parker, Mr. Whitacre, W. B. Crawford and Mr. Nason.

Miss Lizzie Harvey, one of last year's twos, entered school this week.

Mr. M. S. Dowden of the four year class, intends to leave school in a few days. He has accepted a position as traveling agent for a Kansas City firm. Mr. D has made many warm friends at the Normal which regret to see him leave.

Prof. McFaden, the prince of music teachers possesses the tact of giving apt illustrations. He shows his pupils the vocal apparatus and explains music from a logical and scientific standpoint.

Mr. Donovan, one of the two's, is on the sick list this week.

Christmas is coming, the happiest of the year, and with it poor lessons and quite a number of entertainments.

The following entertainments are on program:

Prof. Johnston, Prin. of the Kemper schools, will deliver a free lecture this afternoon at 2 P. M. Subject "The Educated Man." The Prof. comes well recommended.

The Normal choir will give a concert tonight. The exercises will consist of choruses, Solos and instrumental music. The proceeds are for the benefit of the choir and library.

The Philomatheans will give an entertainment on the evening of Dec. 19th.

The model school will have an exhibition at 2 P. M., Thursday, Dec. 20th.

Communicated.

A Physician's Time.

All honest men and women aim to employ their time that the work they engage to do may be done in the best possible manner, and the more important the work the greater should be their devotion to it. The physician is no exception to this rule, and it he would succeed he must give his whole self to his practice, endeavoring by all possible means to make his work instructive and entertaining, and to lead his patrons to higher planes of thought and feeling. The true physician has not as much spare time as is generally supposed. There may be some who can lock their office doors and step into a billiard hall and give no further thought to the duties of the profession. These are not the ones that remain in the work practicing successfully, and making each year's work better than the last. Thousands are engaged in this great work and the hearts of many of them—may we hope most of them—are in the work, and if this is the case, there is no need of telling them how to employ their time. They know their needs and their strength, and they are always found where duty calls conscientiously doing whatever their hands can find to do. Say what you will, the physician's is not easy work, if well done. It requires great muscle and great endurance. Compelled to work much of the time in very disagreeable weather the strain on the mind is constant, and much rest is necessary. Therefore young men of the profession be not prodigal of your strength now, or ere you practice a half a score of years, you will find that your nerve power is gone. Many a broken down physician may trace his failure to overwork and insufficient rest and if he had yielded at first to the demands of his physical nature he would not have been obliged to discontinue his profession. Sleep is one of God's best gifts to man and woman, and the physician needs to sleep as much as possible. If you rise in the morning

unrefreshed something is wrong, look within and find what it is, then lay aside all unnecessary work and sleep all you can for a few days. The world will seem a brighter, happier place to you from having had this extra rest.

How much a physician should do out side of his profession allow him to decide for himself. He knows his strength better than any one else, but he has no right, by extra work of any kind to unfit himself for the performance of his duties. No amount of outside work however commendable it may be, or however faithfully done, will atone for neglected professional duties. Times may come when extra work seems necessary, for we are all so situated that we cannot live for ourselves alone. Once the extra demand on the time is removed, see that by extra rest the loss is made up as soon as possible.

There is a medical association in Adair County, and I must say that it is a pleasant thing to meet with my brother physicians. And if every member will do his duty, in the matter, there is no doubt but a great deal of good may be accomplished. We must all work together to accomplish anything permanent.

And now brother physicians of the old school who do not belong to our County Medical Association: Do come forward and lend a helping hand in this our glorious cause you will never regret it. And let us work together as brothers, as my worthy friend, Dr. Brown said at one of our meetings, "not to be jealous of each other," there is a plenty for all of us to do, for people would get sick and they would have doctors to see them. The scriptures warn us to beware of false prophets and anti-Christians, for they would deceive the very elect, if it were possible. And now friends, if I have said anything to mar the feelings of any of you, I am very sorry, or if I have said anything that will benefit any one, I am very well paid for my trouble. If this doesn't find its way to the waste basket, I may come again. With the best of wishes to my Medical brothers, and the association, I subscribe myself, Dr. S. L. Sage

The Simons Comedy Company appeared at Harper's Theatre for the first time in this city last evening. The play produced was "Solomon Isaacs," with Mr. Simons in the title role. The play throughout is interesting and at times amusing, and again exciting. As "Solomon Isaacs," the sneaking Jew, who plays the villain, Mr. Simons is excellent. He carries out the manners of the money-grabbing Hebrew with marked effectiveness. His perfect control of the Hebrew language was excellent. The support was good without exception, and the music by the special orchestra met with applause. Withal the company is a strong one.—Davenport Iowa Gazette.

To Correspondents.

We publish a communication from Dr. Sage in this issue, on the matters pertaining to the Profession and the county Association. Owing to other matter requiring publication we took the liberty of cutting out part of the essay.

We have received two or three communications recently in regard to "courting experiences" of a prominent county official but they have been, and will continue to be consigned to our waste basket, for the reason that it is one of the inalienable rights of the unmarried American citizen to go courting, without consulting anybody except the lady; and secondly that it is contrary to "good public policy" that such matters should be made public property through the newspapers. Courtesy toward the lady, if nothing else, would suggest the impropriety of publishing such communications.

A Correspondent sends us a scathing denunciation of the "Key" to "Tanbark Township" published in the JOURNAL. We decline to publish for two reasons: 1st, The time is too far past and public attention is now directed to other matters; and 2d, because we don't believe in kicking a man when he is down.

Emperor Francis Joseph says he despises cards and does not know an ace from a jack. There is something wrong here. When a man despises cards it is because he knows altogether too much of them.—Graphic.

"How is Johnnie doing at school?" asked a lady of Johnnie's mamma during a call. "Splendidly. He talks in two languages now." "Dear me what are they, French or German?" "Oh no. English and profane."—Marathon Independent.

Cutting and Setting Precious Stones.

Crystalline gems, like diamond and topaz, are generally cut in such a manner so to have flat, smooth faces. Precious stones that decompose the light and thus produce a play of colors, are polished in such a manner as to heighten this effect as much as possible, which is accomplished by making a large number of small facets. This brilliant is an example.

Precious stones that do not crystallize, and are distinguished by play of colors, like the opal, or peculiar effects of light, like the cat's eye, are usually polished round or oval like a loaf of bread or a half of an egg.

Gems are set in two different ways, distinguished as a free setting (*à jour*) and band setting (*en cassette*). In the former the stone is exposed on all sides and only held by little clasps. All its properties, its fire, its play of colors, show to the best advantage here. Hence very valuable gems are never set in any other way. Flat stones that are set in rings are sometimes fastened on the edge so as to leave only the top and bottom surfaces exposed.

In band setting the stone forms the lid of a gold box, and if the gem is transparent the upper surface is generally made flat and smooth, while the under side forms a low pyramid.

In those stones which receive a band or box setting, and are less valuable, the beauty of the stone is increased by lining the box with colored tin foil, the color of the foil corresponding to that of the stone. Thus, for example, a piece of dark yellow foil is placed under very pale topaz, a deep purple foil under a pale amethyst, and so on, so that the light reflected from beneath through the stone will have a deep yellow or violet color, giving the stone a much finer appearance than if it were set free.

When setting common stones in cheap goods, they do not take the trouble to line the box with tin foil, but merely give it a coat of some colored varnish. This method is not one to be recommended, for a stone that has the foil beneath it looks much handsomer.

In order to make a cheap article with genuine stones the following ingenious device is resorted to: Thin slips of some gem, as emerald, for example, are backed up with a glass of exactly the same color, and the glass likewise polished. By setting one of these double stones with the real stone outward and the glass beneath, the surface will, of course, exhibit all the properties of the gem, such as hardness, etc. These half genuine stones are known as "underlaid gems," or in French as "pierres fines doublées." When these underlaid gems are skillfully set, it is difficult even for the expert to distinguish them from perfectly genuine stones. But still it is easy to distinguish them by holding the stone before the eye in such a manner that the light reflected from the top enters the eye at an oblique angle; the surface where the stone and glass meet can be distinctly recognized by the difference in the refractive power of the two media, having the appearance of a crack or flaw in the stone. The public are frequently deceived by dealers who represent these underlaid stones as being perfectly genuine.—Neuville's Erfindungen.

A Scene on the Cars.

Across the aisle from me rode a loving couple. The trip was six hours long, all by daylight, and this pair were as nearly one as the laws of physique and space would permit. She reclined on his shoulder for naps, and changed her position when awake without getting much farther from him. Their hands were clasped a good deal, and altogether—so I remarked to my traveling companion—they gave no room for doubt that they were husband and wife. I called attention to their entire lack of shamefacedness, their calm disregard of observation, as sufficient proof of marital relationship. They had the unspeakable air of being able, if required, to show documentary evidence of the right to do what they were doing. So palpable was this to the other passengers that no particular attention was paid to their coquetry, whereas if there had been the slightest indication of sentimentality all eyes would have been fixed upon them. So justifiable was their conduct deemed that nobody but myself, probably, noticed that they drew apart on the train approaching the Grand Central depot, that she smoothed her toilet, while he grew quite deferential. Then I heard him say something that refuted my conception of them.

"Will your husband be at the depot waiting for you?" he asked.

"O yes," she replied; "he is always attentive."

And all the time she looked too innocent to deceive, much less to succeed at it to the extent of fooling a woman, as she had me. It is easy enough to get the best of an absent husband, but not often is it possible to hoodwink a present member of your own sex.—Clara Bell's.

The white elephants which Barnum's agent got in Siam and had transferred to a ship at Singapore were poisoned at the orders of a native official to prevent the sacred animals from being put to unholly uses. Mr. Barnum was thus out of pocket \$130,000.

An average cow for dairy purposes should give twenty pounds of milk per day during 200 days every year; eight pounds of cream for every 100 pounds of milk, and forty-five pounds of butter from every 100 pounds of cream; and fully ten pounds of cheese for every 100 pounds of milk.

J. S. Baker & Co. have good Orleans sugar 12 lbs for one dollar.

A Fifteenth-Century Millionaire.

The cathedral is not the only lion of Bourges; the house of Jacques Coeur is an object of interest scarcely less positive. This remarkable man had a very strange history, and he too was "broken," like the wretched soldier whom I did not stay to see. He has been rehabilitated, however, by an age which does not fear the imputation of paradox, and a marble statue of him ornaments the street in front of his house. To interpret him according to his image—a womanish figure in a long robe and a turban, with big bare arms and a dramatic pose—would be to think of him as a kind of truculent sultana. He wore the dress of his period, but his spirit was very modern; he was a Vanderbilt or Rothschild of the fifteenth century. He supplied the ungrateful Charles VII. with money to pay the troops who, under the heroic Maid, drove the English from French soil. His house, which to-day is used as a Palais de Justice, appears to have been regarded at the time it was built very much as the residence of Mr. Vanderbilt is regarded, in New York, to-day. It stands on the edge of the hill on which most of the town is planted, so that, behind, it plunges down to a lower level, and, if you approach it on that side, as I did, to come round to the front of it you have to ascend a longish flight of steps. The back, of old, must have formed a portion of the city-wall; at any rate, it offers to view two big towers, which Joanne says were formerly part of the defense of Bourges. From the lower level of which I speak—the square in front of the post-office—the palace of Jacques Coeur looks very big and strong and feudal; from the upper street, in front of it, it looks very handsome and delicate. To this street it presents two stories and a considerable length of facade; and it has, both within and without, a great deal of curious and beautiful detail. Above the portal, in the stonework, are two false windows, in which two figures, a man and a woman, apparently household servants, are represented, in sculpture, as looking down into the street. The effect is homely, yet grotesque, and the figures are sufficiently living to make one commiserate them for having been condemned, in so dull a town, to spend several centuries at the window. They appear to be watching for the return of their master, who left his beautiful house one morning, and never came back. The history of Jacques Coeur, which has been written by M. Pierre Clement, in a volume crowned by the French Academy, is very wonderful and interesting, but I have no space to go into it here. There is no more curious example, and few more tragical, of a great fortune crumbling from one day to the other, or of the antique superstition that the gods grow jealous of human success. Merchant, millionaire, banker, shipowner, royal favorite and minister of finance, explorer of the East and monopolist of the glittering trade between that quarter of the globe and his own, great capitalist who had anticipated the brilliant operations of the present time, he expired his prosperity by poverty, imprisonment and torture. The obscure points in his career have been elucidated by M. Clement, who has drawn, moreover, a very vivid picture of the corrupt and exhausted state of France during the middle of the fifteenth century. He has shown that the spoliation of the great merchant was a deliberately calculated act, and that the king sacrificed him without scruple or shame to the avidity of a singularly villainous set of courtiers. The whole story is an extraordinary picture of high-handed rapacity—the crudest possible assertion of the right of the stronger. The victim was stripped of his property, but escaped with his life, made his way out of France, and, betaking himself to Italy, offered his services to the Pope. It is proof of the consideration that he enjoyed in Europe, and of the variety of his accomplishments, that Calixtus III. should have appointed him to take command of a fleet which his Holiness was fitting out against the Turks. Jacques Coeur, however, was not destined to lead it to victory. He died shortly after the expedition had started, in the island of Chios, in 1456. The house at Bourges, his native place, testifies in some degree to his wealth and splendor, though it has in parts that want of space which is striking in many of the buildings of the Middle Ages. The court, indeed, is on a large scale, ornamented with turrets and arcades, with several beautiful windows, and with sculptures inserted in the walls, representing the various sources of the great fortune of the owner. M. Pierre Clement describes this part of the house as having been of an "incomparable richness"—an estimate of its charms which seems slightly exaggerated to-day. There is, however, something delicate and familiar in the bas-reliefs of which I have spoken, little scenes of agriculture and industry, which show that the proprietor was not ashamed of calling attention to his harvests and enterprises. To-day we should question the taste of such allusions, even in plastic form, in the house of a "merchant prince" (say in the Fifth Avenue). Why is it, therefore, that these quaint little panels at Bourges do not displease us? It is perhaps because things very ancient never, for some mysterious reason, appear vulgar. This fifteenth-century millionaire, with his palace his autobiographical sculptures, may have produced that impression on several critical spirits of his own day.—Henry James, in September Atlantic.

The engines on the Wabash are draped in mourning for the death of a brakeman killed at DeWitt a few days since.

Bricks impregnated at a high temperature with asphalt are being successfully used in Berlin for street pavement. By driving out the water with heat, bricks will take up from 15 to 20 per cent. of bitumen, and the porous, brittle material becomes durable and elastic under pressure. The bricks are then put endways on a beton bed and set with hot tar. It is said that the rough usage which the pavement made of these bricks will stand is astonishing.

Mr. Kingsley, Secretary Chandler's brother-in-law, is the survivor of a once large family, in which sudden death has been the rule. Out of nine who have died not one was ill an entire week preceding death. One of the parents was killed by an accident, and the other dropped dead with heart disease without a moment's warning. Four of the children died within a few days of scarlet fever, two others were burned to death on the steamer Henry Clay, and another was thrown from a carriage.

Mount Hood, in Oregon, was recently ascended by a large party. They reached an elevation of 12,650 feet, where they spent several hours. When above the snow line the men constructed a sleigh and treated the women to a July sleigh ride. The crater was penetrated a distance of 100 feet. There was a ceaseless drip of water from the roof of the encased entrance, caused by a warm air current coming from the slumbering fires far below, from whence a loud hissing noise arose. A rock hurled down produced a deafening reverberation.

Dr. Prime has found an odd monument in Northern New York. A good man had lived happily with an excellent wife until they had lived well on in years, when she died. He bethought him of some fitting memorial to place on her grave, and the happy thought struck him that the square stove, by which they had been comfortable through many long winters, would be just what she would like to have if she had a voice in the matter. He had the stove taken to the churchyard and placed over the remains of his companion, who sleeps quietly underneath it.

A little more than a decade ago a new disease began to despoil the potato near Stavanger, Norway, and it has been steadily increasing in virulence year after year. Fungoid growths infest the stem, reducing its interior in the first place to a sort of pulp, and at last so prey upon the plant that the stems are mere hollow reeds which readily fall to the ground. The ripe germs of the fungus are about the size of a small bean, and when they remain in the earth all winter they are found when the warm season commences sending out minute spores, which attack the plant before it shows itself on the surface. The ravages of this pest are most marked about the end of July and the beginning of August.

The Tabernacle, the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's church, in London, will easily accommodate 5,000 persons. Although it is out of London proper, in a part called Newington, and must be reached by train or a long horse-car journey, it is almost impossible to gain admittance unless one goes at least an hour before the service; and even then an envelope must be obtained from one of the deacons in attendance, and pledge given, to contribute a small donation, before a seat can be secured. Few strangers visit London from our shores without going to hear this celebrated divine, but in England it is the fashion to do so. The next most prominent dissenting place of worship is the City Temple, on the Holborn viaduct, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker. The buildings and the forms of worship are extremely plain and ordinary, but to Dr. Parker there is attached not a little interest, particularly by Americans, for whom during the spring and early summer months there is a special service every Thursday.

Agricultural Intelligence.

A gentleman accompanied by his little son took a stroll into the fields that were white unto the harvest. They met a sturdy farmer, whereupon the gentleman remarked:

"That's a fine field of oats you have got there."

"Don't you know the difference between oats and wheat?" asked the sturdy farmer, contemptuously.

"No, I don't."

"I thought every donkey knew that," courteously returned the rustic.

"You see, pa," said the gentleman's little boy, who had not taken any part in the debate, "you see, pa, if every donkey knows the difference, it's lucky you said you didn't."—Texas Sittings.

How To Do It.

"I should hate to have a husband who 'lowanced me every time I wanted to buy anything," said Mrs. Simms. "When I tell Simms that I want a little change to go shopping with, he doesn't hum and haw as some men do. He just takes out his pocket-book and says, 'Certainly, my dear; how much do you want, a five or ten?' " "And what do you say?" asked Mrs. Smith. "Oh, I never say anything. He gives me the money right off without waiting for me to answer." "And how much does he give?" "A dollar generally—unless he has some change handy. But then it isn't the amount that I care so much about. It is the readiness with which he responds to my request that makes me think so much of him."—Boston Transcript.

Attorneys from abroad attending court are: Jas. Ellison, J. M. McCall, and M. D. Hollister, of Kirksville; Jas. G. Blair, of Monticello and Moore of Memphis.—Edina Globe.